# Homeward through America

HOMEWARD THROUGH AMERICA

BY A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE

9785X

CHICAGO: POOLE BROS. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS.

1892

PRESENTED WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

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**HOMEWARD THROUGH AMERICA.**

ACROSS the New World in a Pullman car! Three thousand six hundred miles—as far as from New York to Copenhagen or London to the Congo—in a palace on wheels! Across ten States, and every State an empire! Through the vineyards and orchards of California and the vast corn and wheat fields of the wealth-producing Mississippi Valley; through the gloomy defiles of the mighty Sierra Nevada, and right over the frowning battlements of the still mightier continental divide; through the fair and fruitful valley where, girt about

with solemn mountains and watered by a second Jordan, stands the pseudo Zion of the modern Sodomite; through cities whose rise to commercial supremacy constitutes one of the wonders of the age; by the margin of those great lakes in which is stored nearly half the fresh water on the globe, and in almost any one of which a German grand duchy or the principality of Wales would make but a respectable-sized island; and the brink of the world's only Niagara, and along the banks of the American Rhine!

Such were the reflections of the writer as he arose from the perusal of a United States map and railway guide, by the aid of which he had been endeavoring to determine what were the inducements to return from Australia to England 4 by way of America, and which of several practicable routes offered the greatest advantages in attractive natural scenery and places of interest generally. That he had every reason to be satisfied with the decision he finally came to, the following narrative, written after the conclusion of the journey, from notes made during its course, is designed to show. His choice was that great trans-continental system known as the Burlington Route, a system which, with its allied lines, extending from coast to coast, seemed to embrace a greater number of those places of interest which all overland travelers wish to visit than could conveniently be reached by any other route, and generally to afford more abundant opportunity for intelligent observation, not only as to the physical features of the country, but with regard also to its immense and varied resources, whether developed or undeveloped.

Making it almost his first business after landing at San Francisco to call at the Burlington passenger office, 32 Montgomery street, the writer found himself enabled, somewhat to his surprise, not only to map out with great facility a programme for his entire tour on the American continent, but also to get a railway ticket that would carry him through to New York, with the privilege of breaking his journey wherever he chose, and even to have his luggage, or baggage as it is called in America, “checked” through to the same 5 objective point, that he might be entirely freed from further care concerning it. He found the office, in fact, a complete tourist agency. Had he wished to visit Monterey or the Yosemite Valley, before starting on his trip across the continent, he could have procured his ticket

here, and had the time at his disposal admitted of his taking a trip to the Yellowstone National Park, that pleasant excursion might likewise have been arranged for. The fullest information relative to his prospective journey was furnished him; indeed, the way in which the long string of questions with which he had primed himself were one by one anticipated satisfied him that he was in the hands of those who regarded the mere booking of a passenger as the least part of their duty. In the light of subsequent experience it seems as though nothing that could have contributed to the comfort and pleasure of the journey was overlooked by the company's representative, to whose efficiency, thoughtfulness and courtesy such emphatic and ungrudging testimony has been borne by the Marquis of Normanby, the Hon. James Service, Sir Charles Lilley, Bishop Harper and other distinguished English and Colonial travelers, whose letters on the Burlington Route are published in the company's Red Book.

Two days in San Francisco allow but little time for sight-seeing, after the perfecting of one's arrangements for crossing the continent. A drive to Golden Gate Park, with its beautiful conservatory, and the Cliff, with its colony of sealions; an hour on the cable cars, first along California street, past the handsome residences of the mining kings, and then to Telegraph Hill, for the best general view of the city, bay and surrounding country; and last, but by no means least, a stroll through the Chinese quarter, with its shops, gambling houses, opium resorts, temples and theaters, just as they are 6 seen in China (a trip not to be undertaken, however, except in company with a detective), and we hasten to pack up our only remaining piece of luggage—a Gladstone bag or small portmanteau—and are soon on our way to the ferry, where a transfer steamer is waiting to convey us across the bay to Oakland, a beautiful suburban town and the terminus of the railway.

As we cross the far-famed bay, the towers and spires of the great metropolis meanwhile growing fainter and fainter, our thoughts revert perchance to the checkered and romantic history of this renowned State. We call to mind the early explorers who visited it—the Portuguese Cabrillo, in 1542, and our own Drake, in 1578—the arrival of the Franciscan missionaries, two centuries later; how Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, only to have to

surrender her fairest provinces to the United States ere a single generation had passed away; the discovery of gold, and the excitement, absolutely without parallel, for which it was the signal, a quarter of a million frenzied men, of all classes and nationalities, braving the most terrible perils and privations to reach the new El Dorado, and even United States troops deserting *en masse* to join in the pursuit of gold; the long rule of the very worst elements of society; with the final establishment of law and order, ushering in that splendid period of material prosperity of which we are the witnesses,

CASTLE GATE, UTAH. BURLINGTON ROUTTE—“SCENIC LINE.”

7 and in which the State, advancing concurrently upon various lines of progress, each of boundless possibilities, has drawn upon herself the attention and admiration of the world.

But these musings are suddenly put an end to by the bustle and excitement consequent upon the steamer's arrival at Oakland pier, where the passengers pass at once to that imposing structure which serves the double purpose of ferry-house and railway station. Here the great overland train, with its long line of drawing-room sleeping cars, awaits us.

Our railway tickets already secured, and our luggage checked through to New York by that admirable system which our own railway managers, learning of the Americans in so many things, have yet been so slow to adopt, we at once take the places engaged for us, and punctually to the moment the train draws out of the station and our great transcontinental journey is begun.

As though loth to leave this most beautiful coast, the train follows for a considerable distance the devious shores of the bay; in fact, it has to be carried bodily across the straits of Carquinez, twenty-eight miles from its starting 8 point, before it can bring itself to bid a final farewell to the blue waters of the Pacific. The transfer boat *Solano* , by which it is conveyed from Port Costa to Benicia, is, it is said, the largest in the world, being constructed to carry forty-eight cars and two engines at one time. The facility and

expedition with which the transfer is accomplished are certainly remarkable, and well worth leaving the car for a few moments to observe more closely.

Never a lover of the prize ring, the writer trusts he may be pardoned for the confession that for twenty-eight years this pleasant little town of Benicia has been associated in his mind with the name of John C. Heenan, whose memorable encounter with the redoubtable Sayers produced so great a revulsion of feeling throughout England that, if indulgence in the so-called sport has not been entirely put a stop to by the vigilance of the police, at least the moral sense of the nation is no longer outraged, as is still unhappily the case in America, by highly-wrought descriptions of such demoralizing exhibitions appearing in the public journals.

But the Benicians of to-day felicitate themselves upon something better than the achievements of their pugilists. Their town is making rapid progress, both in commerce and manufactures, and their county is a part of the great Sacramento Valley, one of the most productive regions of the State. Crossing this valley diagonally, a distance of some seventy-five miles, one is enabled to judge, not only how immense, but how varied also, are the agricultural interests of California. Vasts tracts of country devoted to grain are succeeded by extensive areas occupied by vineyards and orchards. The State which, in less than forty years, has produced gold to the value of £250,000,000 besides silver and lead, and is still yielding three and one-half times as much 9 as the richest and most active of her rivals, is now producing enough wheat to supply the wants of half the population of Great Britain, besides 40,000,000 pounds of wool annually, 25,000,000 gallons of wine (a product soon to drive out of the country the high-priced and too frequently sophisticated wines of Europe), thousands of car loads of the choicest table fruits, and other valuable products that cannot here be even enumerated.

On the Sacramento river, which waters, rather than drains, this beautiful valley, eighty-nine miles from San Francisco, is Sacramento city, the capital of the State. Sacramento is but a small city in comparison with San Francisco, but it is worthy of note that in only

eight States of the Union is the commercial capital or most populous city the seat of the State government. Night coming on, we see but little more of the valley, or, indeed, of the State. When we look out in the early morning, it is upon the eastern slope of the Sierras, which have been crossed during the night by the Donner Pass, at an elevation of 7,042 feet above mean sea-level. Travelers desiring to cross the mountains by daylight may, however, leave San Francisco by a morning train and take the overland at Truckee or Reno. This, the writer was informed, is frequently done, in connection with a trip to Lake Tahoe, fourteen miles south of Truckee, where there is said to be fine trout fishing, as there is also in the beautiful Truckee River, whose course the line follows, through everchanging scenery, for many miles.

Although, like California, Nevada has been a great producer of the precious metals, its general appearance presents about as great a contrast to that of the Golden State as can well be imagined. But if its arid plains yield only sagebrush and greasewood, and if hour after hour the train 10 pursues its way through glistening fields of alkali, destitute of even the lowest forms of vegetation, the soil is not by any means so hopelessly sterile nor is the country so uninteresting to travel through as such conditions would seem to imply. All that is wanting to convert the desert into a garden is water; for where irrigating works have been constructed and the soil has been cultivated the average production per acre will not suffer by comparison with that of the most favored States in the Union—at least so it appears from recent reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, which the writer has had an opportunity of perusing. The desert, for such it is properly denominated, possesses all the well-known characteristics of the famous deserts of the world, in its burning sand, its alluring, lake-simulating deposits of alkali and its deceitful mirage; but it is one thing crossing on the back of a camel, or even in a prairie schooner, and quite another in a Pullman car, with a well-appointed dining car in constant attendance. The elements of physical suffering—want and fatigue—and of mental anguish—disappointment and fear—have been wholly eliminated from the journey. All else, however, remains, and tile crossing of the Great American Desert is none the less interesting and impressive for having been

rendered safe, rapid and even luxurious. Not the least remarkable feature of the region traversed by the railway is the Humboldt River, which, after a course of no less than 380 miles, vainly seeking

ROYAL GORGE, GRAND CANON, COLORADO. BURLINGTON ROUTE—“SCENIC LINE.”

11 an outlet from the Great Basin, gives up the task in despair and buries itself in the sand, within plain view of passing trains.

After a run of 460 miles or thereabouts across the State of Nevada—by no means the largest State in the Union—we enter the Territory of Utah, always associated with the Great Salt Lake, Salt Lake City and the Mormons. Not to go too much into detail, a Territory may be said to be a State in embryo. It is not represented in the United States Senate, its delegate in the House of Representatives has no vote, and its governor and other principal officers are appointed by the President, instead of being elected by the people, as in the various States.

Seventy-five miles beyond the Territorial line, there comes into view, to remain a prominent object for the next hundred miles, that mysterious inland ocean, the Great Salt Lake. Another hour's ride and we reach Promontory Point, where was driven, on May 10, 1869, the last spike of the first transcontinental railway. So rapidly do the triumphs of skill and enterprise follow one another in this progressive age, that we can hardly believe that but little more than a score of years ago the magnificent region lying between the Sierras and the Pacific Ocean was entirely without railway communication with the rest of the continent, shut out by a lofty, snow-clad range of mountains and 500 miles of dreary desert.

The arrival of the train at Ogden, 833 miles from San Francisco, marks the completion of the first stage of the overland journey. Here passengers for the Yellowstone National Park change cars, and the east-bound traveler sets his watch forward one hour. Formerly

every important town and city kept its own true solar time. That arrangement, 12 however, was attended with so much inconvenience to the traveling public, besides seriously complicating the operation of the great railway systems of the country, that in 1883 the continent was divided into five longitudinal zones, governed by standard meridians fifteen degrees (equivalent to an hour's time) apart. One result of that useful reform is, that, instead of there being, as formerly, a change of forty-two minutes at Salt Lake City, one of twenty-nine minutes at Denver, and so on all the way across the continent, there are now only three changes of time between San Francisco and New York, and those are of one hour each.

It is but thirty-six miles from Ogden to Salt Lake City, and almost before we are expecting it our train is running right down the middle of one of the broad avenues of the City of the Saints. Mr. Phil. Robinson declares that of all the cities he has been called upon to describe, none ever puzzled him so much as this Latter-Day Jerusalem. It is not usually included among the cities which are said, each of them, to be unique; but it certainly has as good a claim as any to be so regarded. What other city has so magnificent a range of snow-capped mountains overshadowing it? 13 It is Denver's proud boast that she has 300 miles of the cloud-piercing Rockies visible from her windows, but as a matter of fact they are seen to advantage only from certain special points of observation, while they are also at a much greater distance from the city than are the glistening peaks of the Wahsatch Range from the streets of the modern Zion, above which they soar 9,000 feet, or 13,000 feet above sea-level. Where, again, is to be found so remarkable a group of buildings, at least of modern construction, as the Mormon Tabernacle, Temple and Assembly Hall, entirely regardless of the peculiar purposes to which they are devoted?

The advent of railway communication with the outside world, and the influx of “Gentiles” (to use the word by which Mormons designate believers in other faiths than their own) during the last few years, have wrought many changes in Salt Lake City, but there still remain

sufficient evidences of the old life to attract the curious eye, while the substance, of which they are the outward apparel, must yet repel the discriminating and healthful mind.

Every visitor should spend a Sunday in the city and attend the afternoon service at the Tabernacle. That extraordinary building, with its vast congregation, variously computed at from 8,000 to 13,000 people; the organ, choir, hymns and the character of the music; the breaking of bread by the priesthood—not after the order of Melchisedec—the fervid addresses, usually directed, and with astonishing plausibility, to establishing the identity of the Church of Latter-Day Saints with the Zion of prophecy, cannot fail to impress, more or less powerfully, every thoughtful visitor, even though his judgment condemns them as the instruments of a gigantic imposture.

Besides visiting that magnificent gothic temple, which 14 has already cost millions upon millions of dollars, and the completion of which, even in the remote future, is exceedingly problematical; the house built by Brigham Young for his favorite wife, and known as the Amelia Palace; those extensive business premises surmounted with the cabalistic letters Z. C. M. I. (Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution), and Fort Douglas, whose guns are always pointed in the direction of the city, the visitor should by all means take a trip to that delightful bathing resort which he passed on his journey from Ogden.

It now only remains to be stated that Salt Lake City contains at least three excellent hotels, and that guidebooks, photographs and carriages, and also biographical sketches of the founders and leaders of Mormonism may be obtained in the city.

Resuming our journey eastward, with the wild and picturesque Wahsatch Range on the left and the broad expanse of the Great Salt Lake to the right, we see how, not by the miraculous interposition of Providence, as is asserted, but simply by tillage and irrigation, a wilderness has literally been turned into standing water and the dry ground into watersprings, and the desert been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Mormon settlements, surrounded by fields and orchards in the highest state of cultivation, extend

along the valley for many miles; and opportunities for sampling the fruits of Mormon husbandry are afforded us by the bright-eyed children, who, with baskets of strawberries, raspberries, currants, apples, or whatever else may be in season, come down to the different stations to meet the train. One of the pleasantest little towns on this division of the railway, and one, moreover, that is somewhat of a summer resort for the well-to-do people of the valley, besides having an excellent

MARSHALL PASS, CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, COLORADO. BURLINGTON ROUTE —“SCENIC LINE.”

15 dining station, is Provo. A short distance westward from this point may be seen the beautiful Utah Lake, a large body of fresh water, which, answering to the Lake of Tiberias, as the Great Salt Lake corresponds to the Dead Sea, the connecting stream being in each case the River Jordan, completes an analogy to which the Mormon leaders point as indicative that it is in accordance with the Divine plan and purpose that this beautiful valley, this Deseret, the Land of the Honey Bee, has become the abode of the Zion of the Latter Day.

At this stage of the journey the traveler will do well to possess himself of a copy of Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's charming work, “The Crest of the Continent,” which he can procure on the train for one dollar, handsomely bound in cloth, and which he will find not only a detailed and most helpful guidebook, covering the next 700 miles of his journey, but also one of the most delightful pieces of descriptive writing in the English language.

We are now approaching the great mountain system of the continent, perhaps, all things considered, the greatest in the world. Three gigantic barriers, necessitating the ascent of the train to elevations of 7,465, 10,852 and 7,238 feet, have, one after another, to be surmounted, while others are penetrated through those tremendous cañons which are so remarkable a feature of the Rocky Mountain system. The ascent of the first of these mighty bulwarks is completed at Soldier Summit, ninety miles east of Salt Lake City. The

scenery, although exceedingly picturesque, but dimly foreshadows those sublime works of the Creator upon which it will soon be our privilege to gaze.

Within little more than an hour, however, of our beginning the descent of the eastern slope of this range, there breaks upon our astonished and delighted vision one of the grandest 16 single objects in this entire mountain world. This is Castle Gate, the western entrance to Price River Cañon. It consists of two immense projections from the walls of the cañon, composed of solid rock richly dyed with red, and of almost geometrical regularity. One of them is 800 feet, and the other 500 feet, in height, and they approach each other so closely as to leave space only for the river—a mere mountain stream—and a single line of rails to pass between. It is not, let it be understood, only a momentary glimpse we get of this sublime object. We are traveling over the great scenic line of America, and at this and various other points of interest, far removed from all human habitation, the train is brought to a stand, if not for so long a time as we could wish, at least long enough to admit of the formation of impressions to be called up in years to come with everincreasing delight.

Pursuing our way through the winding cañon, with its lofty and precipitous walls, the vari-colored metalliferous strata which lie exposed, and its sculptured rocks, the result of who shall say how many thousand years of elemental strife, we debouch at length upon the broad valley of Green River, a stream of considerable magnitude, whose waters, united with those of Grand River, form, fifty miles below, the far-famed Colorado. As the sun sinks into the West, we find ourselves amid a scene surpassing in weirdness any we have yet experienced. Almost entirely destitute of vegetation and apparently as arid as the Nevada desert, the ground, nevertheless, everywhere bears evidence of the action of water, exerted upon it, doubtless at long intervals, but manifestly with terrific force. On the north, at a distance of only a few miles, rises that remarkable formation, the Roan or Book Mountains; and as we scan the southern horizon we can 17 distinguish the snowy peaks of the volcanic Sierra La Sal and the jagged walls of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The writer, having fortunately provided himself with a compass, was able to determine the identity of the various mountain ranges and prominent peaks that came into view from

time to time, by reference to one or another of those excellent maps by which the various publications of the railway company are accompanied, and he would recommend future travelers similarly to equip themselves. In this connection it may be stated that, while the conditions under which this long railway journey is made are such as to render anything like a special outfit wholly unnecessary, a binocular, a pair of goggles, a bottle of perfume and, as already stated, a compass, will be found to contribute materially to the sum total of possible satisfaction and enjoyment.

From Grand Junction (see footnotes) to Glenwood Springs, a ride of about three hours, our course parallels, for the most part, the picturesque windings of the Grand River, and carries us past a constant succession of enchanting mountain, valley and river views. At Glenwood a practical exemplification of that untiring, ceaseless energy which has

At Grand Junction, 291 miles eastward from Salt Lake City, the narrow gauge system starts from the main line and, after passing through the gloomy depths of the Black Cañon and over the dizzy heights of Marshall Pass, again unites with the standard gauge track at Salida, 208 miles distant.

The interest of the traveler by this alternative route is well sustained, from the moment of departure from Grand Junction, by the wonderful fertility of the Gunnison Valley and the fine views to be had of the Uncompahgre Range to the southwest; and the few hours which must elapse before reaching the Black Cañon are passed most agreeably. In the Black Cañon of the Gunnison is witnessed one of the most stupendous and awe-inspiring scenes in the world; in the depths of this profound gorge, between perpendicular walls of solid granite rising 1,000 1,500, even 2,000 feet, has been laid this great connecting link between East and West. Of the special features of this most magnificent cañon, the most important is the Currecanti Needle, a huge granite monolith which rises from the very middle of the gorge. At Sargent, thirty miles distant, begins the most exhilarating and inspiring railway ride in the world—the ascent of the main range of the mountains. The train having been divided into two sections, each drawn by two powerful ten-wheeled

engines, the ascent of the far-famed Marshall Pass commences. For a time it is but moderately steep, but soon the sullen roar of the engines proclaims how tremendous is the strain upon them. As a higher elevation is attained, the line begins to wind around the mountain sides. Onward and upward it goes, along narrow ledges of rock, through cuttings hewn in solid stone, past clumps of stunted trees and banks of everlasting snow. Higher and higher it climbs! It seems as though the summit never would be gained; but, at last, the train comes to a stand at an elevation of 10,852 feet above mean sea-level. The delay, however, is but for a few moments. The caution with which the descent of the mountains is made could not be exceeded. Slowly the train feels its way, and one has ample time to gaze at will upon the magnificent scenery of the east slope, with the hold outlines of the great Sangre de Christo Range standing out against the sky. The most wonderful engineering skill is manifest at every turn. Men have immortalized themselves by far smaller achievements than that of constructing a railway across these tremendous heights, and yet the name of the engineer is never heard. At length the tension of mind and feeling is relaxed, and the peculiar effect of the highly rarefied atmosphere also passes away. By grades of 220 feet to the mile—one in every twenty-four—3,000 feet or more have been descended. Soon Salida is reached, and the junction with the main line is effected.

18 made America famed the world over, is afforded us. The ground whereon is built this charming sanitarium, which has an all-the-year-round population of 3,000 souls, and possesses all the requisites of civilized life, was, until 1887, the location of an Indian reservation. Its situation, at the junction of the Grand and Roaring Forks Rivers, and in the shadow of a towering range of mountains, is exquisite, and its attractions, which include numerous springs pouring out a large volume of medicinal waters, ranging in temperature from icy cold to boiling hot, a completely equipped plunge bath (said to be the largest in the world), fed by a spring which gives a vast quantity of hot water, and a cave in 19 which one may enjoy the luxury of a *natural* Russian bath, are such as to well repay a stop-over of some duration.

The journey from Glenwood eastward is a constant succession of alluring scenes, and one would almost think that this one region had been made the treasurehouse, the gallery of Nature's marvels. Sparkling torrents, cloud-piercing peaks and verdure-clad valleys intermingle and form a vista of entrancing loveliness, the recollection of which haunts us in far-distant clays. Almost before the expressions of delight which the contemplation of Mount Sopris, seen immediatly after leaving Glenwood, has evoked, have grown dim upon our cars, we plunge into the Stygian darkness of the tunnel that heralds our entrance to the cañon of the Grand River, a fit rival, in its weird formations, its vivid colorings and its extent, to the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, beyond Salida. The panoramic views with which our course has, until now, been girt about, are utterly shut out by the great walls, soaring heavenward on either side to a height of from 1,500 to 2,500 feet. The course of the railway through this cañon, sixteen miles in length, lies through three tunnels, and so great is the tension upon the faculties, it is with a feeling almost of relief that we defile through 20 the “Portals,” and the vision again feasts at will on more congenial sights.

In the cañon of the Eagle River, four miles west of Red Cliff, we see not alone a wondrous work of Nature, but also an evidence of human achievement, for high above our heads, so high in fact, that they resemble the nests of some great birds of air, are the shaft houses and dwellings of miners. At Tennessee Pass we scale the continental divide, and from its crest we obtain an excellent view of the Mount of the Holy Cross. upon whose scarred bosom splendidly gleams the snow-white emblem of the Christian faith.

Leadville, but a few minutes from Tennessee Pass, is at once the highest city and the greatest mining camp in the world, and the metamorphosis which she has witnessed in her short life is wonderful; the pell-mell rush that followed the discovery of silver in 1879 almost equaled in wild energy that of the Californian days of &49. The incidents which attended her infancy beggar description; lawlessness ran riot, human life was the least valuable of commodities, and Leadville attained an unenviable notoriety. Gradually, however, reason prevailed, order again assumed sway, and Leadville blossomed into a metropolis of the

mountains. Her output of silver during her twelve years of existence has exceeded in value no less a sum than £32,000,000.

Leaving Leadville, we whirl rapidly by Twin Lakes, 21 whose peaceful slumbers are watched over by those grim sentinels, Mounts Elbert and La Plata, past lovely Buena Vista —worthy of more than passing notice—and, through scenes of surpassing beauty, we approach Salida.

The Grand Cañon and Royal Gorge of the Arkansas is entered soon after we leave Salida, and a constant succession of magnificent views is afforded us as the train sweeps onward in company with that turbulent river which has for ages made its pathway through this lone cañon. It is near its eastern end, where its depth is the most profound and its walls are the most precipitous, that the cañon has earned the title of the Royal Gorge. Here, in an abysmal chasm, into which the sun's rays never penetrate, the ponderous locomotive and its train of cars, which, if visible at all from the. tremendous heights of the overhanging mountains, must look like the playthings of pigmies, daily take their way. If one could make ever so brief a stay here, it might be possible, by ransacking the storehouse of rugged, glowing and impressive vocables, to present a picture of this overmastering gorge not entirely 22 without correspondence to the great original. But rushing onward as we are, the mind is utterly overwhelmed; and the impressions carried away, notwithstanding that we travel in a specially designed observation car, are not such as to enable us to do justice to the magnificent scenery revealed to us as the train speeds on its way.

Emerging from the cañon, we come to Cañon City, where is situated the State (Colorado) Penitentiary, whose grim walls are paced by well-armed guards, like some famous stronghold in time of war. A further run of forty miles brings us to Pueblo, an old Spanish town, from which a branch line extends southward to the ancient city of Santa Fé. Continuing eastward, we obtain fine views of the main range of the mountains, including not a few peaks between 14,000 and 15,000 feet in height.

At Colorado Springs, a beautifully-situated, handsomely-laid-out and well-built town, in great favor as a summer resort, we have to decide whether we will retain our seats and proceed direct to Denver or pay a brief visit to Manitou for Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. Manitou, the virtue of whose healing waters led the Indians in days gone by to bestow upon it the name of the Great Spirit himself, is only six miles from Colorado Springs, from which it is approached by a branch line, the trains connecting with those of the main line. It is well worthy of a visit, not only on its own account, but also as the most convenient point from which to visit one of the highest peaks in the United States, as well as one of the most weird and romantic spots in the world. Its hotel accommodations leave absolutely nothing to be desired, and the facilities for visiting the various points of interest in the vicinity are equally good. No one need shrink from the ascent of Pike's Peak. The

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO. BURLINGTON ROUTE—“SCENIC LINE.”

23 recently completed railway from Manitou to the summit, a distance of nine miles, enables one to make the ascent in ease and comfort; so thoroughly, in fact, have the elements of fatigue and exposure been eliminated, that a drive along Rotten Row, of a Saturday, is, by comparison, almost an adventurous undertaking. No trip across the continent can be said to be complete without the ascent of this most famous of all the Rocky Mountain peaks, piercing the clouds at an altitude of 14,217 feet. Had the writer, on reaching the pinnacle, found that billowy sea of mountains surrounding him, about which he had heard and read so much, shut out from his gaze by unbidden and remorseless clouds, he would have been more than content with the infinitely beautiful series of views he had had during the course of his ascent. But he had the good fortune to be able to survey from that high point the entire range from Wyoming to the Spanish peaks in New Mexico, and also the vast plain of Nebraska, stretching away eastward toward the Missouri River. Newspaper controversialists who have argued, as though it were a matter of great moment, the rival claims of the Cat and Fiddle on Axe Edge and the Travelers' Rest on Kirkstone Pass, both of which fall short of 1,800 feet in height, to be the highest inhabited point in England, may be interested in knowing that on the summit of this mountain, three

and one-fourth times the height of Ben Nevis, two and one-half times that of the Rigi and 3,000 feet higher than the supposed final resting-place of the Ark, the United States government has established a signal service station, or meteorological observatory.

The Garden of the Gods and Glen Eyrie, which constitute, with Pike's Peak, the chief attractions of the locality, are reached by a pleasant carriage road. They are famed 24 for their richly-colored rocks, which, carved by nature into the most grotesque and unearthly shapes, impart a singularly weird aspect to an otherwise tranquil and beautiful scene.

Resuming our journey eastward, we speedily reach Palmer Lake, an exquisitely beautiful sheet of water on the summit of a “divide” 7,238 feet in altitude. This and Castle Rock, a picturesque mass of sandstone rising abruptly from the plain, and consequently certain to attract the attention of travelers, are the only remaining objects of interest before night comes on, and we run into the great union depot at Denver.

Probably there are few English travelers passing through Denver who are not more or less exercised in their minds as to whether they should break their journey at that city. They have heard of Denver, certainly, but their ideas concerning it are more or less vague. For the benefit of such travelers, the writer would say that he spent twenty-four hours there very pleasantly, and could have enjoyed a longer visit. To begin with, it is one of the magic cities of the West, its population having increased from 4,759 to 140,000 within twenty years. It is also an exceedingly handsome city and finely situated, enjoying those commanding views of the mountains to which reference has already been made. Again, it is one of the few cities that are at once the judicial and commercial capitals of their respective States, and what is much more to the point, it is the metropolis of the mining industry of Colorado, the leading interest in the State. As such it has its smelting furnaces and reduction works, which are of great interest, and are readily shown to such visitors as present satisfactory credentials. It is, once more, the best place in the entire country at which to purchase mineralogical specimens. Travelers desiring specimens proper to the 25 Rocky Mountains should buy them in the rough, for the crosses, anchors and other

artistic arrangements sold as such are, the writer learned, of German manufacture and more properly representative of the mineralogy of the Hartz Mountains than of that of the Rockies. Denver has excellent hotels and some exceedingly fine public buildings.

The next stage of our journey, 1,025 miles in length, is from Denver to Chicago. Beginning 175 miles west of the eastern boundary of Colorado, it extends across the three great States of Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois. Here the chief features of interest are the rapid development of agricultural capabilities, the towns and cities that are springing up “swellin' wisibly before our wery eyes;” the magnitude of actual production in the fully developed sections of country; the two mighty rivers that go rolling down from the snowfed fountains of the far North to the spicy groves of the subtropics, and the wonderful city of Chicago.

The prospect that greets us when we look out, the morning after leaving Denver, is almost startling in the contrast it presents to each and all the varied scenes we have passed through since leaving San Francisco. The sharp outlines of the Rocky mountains, with which we have become so happily familiar, hours ago sank below the horizon. The country is the rolling prairie of western Nebraska, drained by the Republican River and known generally as the Republican Valley. It was formerly one of the greatest stock regions in the entire country, but it is now, the writer learned, being rapidly settled up by small farmers, who have exercised their privilege of taking up land under the liberal land laws of the country. Leaving the Republican Valley at Oxford Junction, the railway rises some 300 feet to the level of a magnificent plateau, stretching away to the horizon, and, save at long intervals, 26 unbroken, except by an occasional group of farm buildings and the scanty timber which fringes the margins of its water courses. It has, however, its shipping and distributing points, at each of which there are to be found a bank, a grain elevator, an hotel, a livery stable and one or two general stores, carrying limited stocks of pretty nearly everything. Towns of three or four years' growth have as many banks as they are years old. They have churches of all denominations and public school buildings that, externally at least, would be a credit to places ten times their size. According to an intelligent farmer, traveling to Lincoln to buy agricultural machinery, there are still in the western and west

central portions of the State extensive tracts of fine agricultural land which can be bought for as low as five dollars an acre. In the eastern half, however, the land is largely under cultivation, and as the eye wanders over illimitable fields of ripening grain, we begin to appreciate the claim of the Western States and to have a better understanding of those long lines of figures which we see quoted from time to time as the measure of their products. Still we do not realize their full significance without the help of some such statement as recently appeared in a leading agricultural journal, which stated that the corn (maize) crop alone of this State of Nebraska would fill a solid freight (goods) train 2,000 miles in length, or if placed upon farm

THE HORSESHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND, REACHED BY THE “BURLINGTON ROUTE” AND ALLIED LINES.

27 wagons would make a procession reaching around the world at the equator.

The State has for its capital the handsome city of Lincoln, through which we pass early in the afternoon. The State Capitol, with its imposing dome, and the fine buildings of the State University, are all noticeable objects from the railway. Fifty-five miles more, and we reach, on the very confines of the State, the great city Of Omaha, finely situated on the Missouri River. Omaha is the most populous city on the line from San Francisco to Chicago; it has an immense wholesale trade, important manufactures, large smelting and reduction works and extensive stock-yards and packing houses. Leaving Omaha, a rapid run of twenty-one miles along the right bank of the Missouri brings us to the crossing of that famous river, the boundary line between Nebraska and Iowa. It is not, however, by a transfer boat that the train is conveyed across its muddy and turbulent waters, but by a magnificent bridge 3,000 feet in length. This great triumph of engineering skill consists of two main spans, each 402 feet long; three others, each 204 feet; an iron viaduct of 1,320 feet, and an approach on the west side of 264 feet. Its fine proportions, for it is as graceful as it is substantial, may be seen to advantage from the left side of the car immediately before you pass on to it from the west bank. The volume of water, which averages 750,000 gallons per second, decreases so rapidly after the end of June that the river shrinks to

comparatively insignificant dimensions, and no uninformed traveler, seeing it at that time, would suppose that for several months of the year it was navigated by large steamers 2,343 miles above this point.

Crossing Iowa during the night, the traveler sees but little of the State, unless he exercises his privilege of breaking 28 his journey. That the writer did not do, having learned beforehand that, so far as the State is of interest to the general traveler, it differs but little from northern Illinois, which he would be traversing next day. But he woke up in the morning just in time to see one of the largest and most picturesque of its cities, Burlington, on the Mississippi, which river is for 365 miles the boundary of the State on the east, just as the Missouri is for 364 miles on the west. Here, spanning the great Father of Waters, is another magnificent bridge, consisting of six spans of 250 feet each, one of 200 feet and one of 175 feet, with a draw span of 362 feet, making a total of 2,237 feet. The Mississippi does not fall so low in summer as does the Missouri, and its banks being richly wooded, it presents a finer appearance than its great tributary.

Between Burlington and Chicago are 206 miles of the most highly-cultivated and prosperous-looking country, and withal the most picturesque, for an agricultural region, it was ever the writer's privilege to travel through. In the gently undulating prairie, diversified with handsome groves of trees, against whose dark foliage stand out the cosy white homesteads and great red barns of prosperous farmers, in whom we see the brave-hearted pioneers of thirty years ago, we have a picture of Arcadian beauty it would be impossible to surpass. Hour after hour we travel onward through the granary of the world, until we are reminded that we are approaching its famous metropolis, the most wonderful of modern cities, by the usual outward indications of a great center of population.

Although Chicago is by no means the only city in America that is of phenomenal growth, we seek in vain, either in the Old or New World, the present or the past, for an equally 29 marvelous example of rapid expansion. The beginning of the present century found its site merely a swamp, without even a solitary pioneer; the year that witnessed the accession

of Queen Victoria saw a charter of incorporation granted to it as a little town of 3,000 inhabitants; when the Great Exhibition of 1851 was attracting all nations to its peaceful congress, its population was but 34,437. But with the advent of railways its splendid career began, and we see it to-day the greatest railroad center, live stock market and primary grain port in the world, and the home of more than a million of the most energetic and enterprising people anywhere to be found. Of its almost total destruction by fire when it was a city as large as the Sheffield of to-day; of its magnificent park and boulevard system; its immense stock-yards and the incredible number of live stock handled there daily; its packing-houses, in a single one of which, employing 6,000 men, the manufacture of 50,000 pounds of sausage per day is a matter entirely incidental to the main business of the establishment, and in which, as is so graphically described by Mr. Phil Robinson, an obstreperous and squeaking pig is killed, cleaned, cooled, weighed and made perfectly ready for the cook in thirty-five seconds—of these and a thousand other matters that have an equal claim upon our notice it is impossible to speak particularly.

No other evidence is needed of the pre-eminence that Chicago is rapidly assuming, if not already achieved, among the cities of this continent, than the fact that it has been chosen as the location of the World's Fair of 1893, commemorative of the discovery of America. The buildings which are to contain the offerings of every nation under the sun are located at Jackson Park, fronting on Lake Michigan. and should be visited by every traveler, however limited his 30 stay. We can, of course, indulge only in speculation at this time as to the rank which this exposition will take, as compared with those great gatherings of the unique and marvelous, held at London, Paris, Berlin and Melbourne, but if we may judge from the boundless energy of the American people, the magnitude and completeness of the plans upon which the work is being carried forward, and the immense appropriations of money that are being made, the Columbian Exposition will surpass all previous world's exhibitions.

Ready to enter upon the last stage of our journey—that from Chicago to New York—we choose either to view the wonders of Niagara Falls and the romantic beauties of the

Hudson River, or, by pursuing a more southerly course, to pass through central Indiana and Ohio, thence by the blazing furnaces of Pennsylvania's great iron manufacturing centers, past the Arcadian loveliness of the Juniata and the Conemaugh Rivers, until the dome of the capitol at Washington and the spires of New York spring into view.

**VIA NIAGARA FALLS AND THE HUDSON RIVER.**

Having comfortably settled ourselves in the superbly-appointed train of the Michigan Central Railroad, we are once more in motion, and after skirting the edge of Lake Michigan and traveling for a few miles in the State of Indiana, we enter the State of Michigan, declared in 1815 to be an absolutely worthless tract of country, but now an exceedingly rich State, producing large crops of the principal cereals, immense quantities of peaches and other fruit, one-half the salt used in the United States and more copper than any other State or Territory in the Union. At Detroit, its commercial metropolis, an exceedingly handsome city of 230,000 inhabitants, we cross the Detroit River into the

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, REACHED BY THE “BURLINGTON ROUTE” AND ALLIED LINES.

31 Province of Ontario, where we are once more under the British flag. There is nothing, however, that calls for special mention until we cross the Welland Canal, constructed by the Dominion Government as a connecting link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, the natural outlet from one to the other being rendered unnavigable by the rapids, whirlpool and falls of Niagara. Soon the porter's announcement, “Falls View. Train stops three minutes,” warns us that we are approaching the greatest of all cataracts—that with whose name we have been familiar from our earliest days. In a moment it bursts upon us—a resistless flood hurrying to its fall; eternal mist, brilliant with prismatic hues, rising from the caldron beneath; a majestic anthem, filling our ears with its deep diapason. We see, however, but little from this point of the great fall itself, but in a few moments we see it in all its glory as the train crosses the river by the Cantilever bridge. But who would leave Niagara without lingering for at least a few hours at a spot of such surpassing interest?

The views obtained from the railway are such that the traveler whom relentless necessity compels to hasten on his journey may justly boast of having seen the Falls, and that to a certain advantage. But how much more is he to be envied who has stood upon their very brink, or gazed upward at the descending avalanche of waters from the deck of the little *Maid of the Mist* , as, quivering and reeling, she has been skillfully piloted through the tumultuous maelstrom beneath, or who, still more, has stood, fearless and resolute, upon that point of terror, Hurricane bridge.

The journey from Niagara Falls to New York City, 462 miles, lies wholly in New York State, the richest and most populous State in the Union, and well termed the Empire State. Containing on our line of route great cities like 32 Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Albany—the last-named the capital of the State—smaller towns of lesser note, and pretty country villages without number, with extensive manufactures and a greater diversity of agriculture than we have before met with, we find it one of the greatest interest from beginning to end.

For 135 miles, moreover, the line follows the windings of the Hudson River amid picturesque mountain scenery, including the famous Catskills, which are seen to advantage as we look westward over the river when about thirty-five miles south of Albany. Soon after passing Fishkill Landing we enter upon the gorge known as the Highlands, the most northern point of which is the commanding Storm King. On the same side of the river, six miles lower down, occupying a fine and romantic situation, is the United States Military 33 Academy of West Point, twenty-five miles below which we reach the basaltic columns known as the Palisades. Among the river cities passed at intervals are some of exceedingly picturesque appearance. Among them may be mentioned Poughkeepsie, with Vassar College in the rear, Tarrytown, with its old Dutch church, and Yonkers.

The Hudson River is fraught with memories of the most stirring period of the Revolutionary War, including those of the capture, trial and execution of Major Andre. It has also other associations of a happier character, in those which cluster around the residence of

Washington Irving, at Irvington, that of N. P. Willis, at Newburgh, and the scene of the legend of Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown.

At Spuyten Duyvil the railway makes a sudden turn eastward and the river is lost to view. The Harlem bridge is in sight and the terminus of the elevated railway—we are entering New York!

**THROUGH THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS AND BY THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.**

In order that one may view by daylight the Valley of the Susquehanna, the ascent of the Alleghenies, the famous Horse Shoe Curve, the fertile region between Harrisburg and New York, and the numerous other scenic attractions of marked beauty along its lines, east of Pittsburgh, it is advisable to leave Chicago by one or other of the magnificent afternoon express trains of the Pennsylvania Company. It may be stated parenthetically that before leaving Chicago notification should be given the proper authorities as to one's intention of using the direct line to New York or of that by way of Washington, D. C.

The tracks of the Pennsylvania Company on their way to 34 the sea traverse Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey; the first part of the journey, from Chicago to Pittsburgh, a distance of 468 miles, is performed during the night, and the country thus passed over, while highly interesting as evidencing a marked degree of prosperity, does not therefore call for special reference. Pittsburgh, on the Ohio River, claims the distinction of being the largest iron mart in the world, and is, despite the existence of enormous manufacturing industries, a clean, handsome city of 300,000 inhabitants.

After leaving Pittsburgh the train passes blazing furnaces and smoking mill-stacks; every outlook betokens activity; here a little railway climbs a mountainside to an ore shaft; there a torch of natural gas flares from a pipe. Presently the scene shifts into the undulating hills along the Conemaugh, that ill-fated stream whose awful associations are still painfully fresh in the memory. As Johnstown vanishes in the distance, the train, with the assistance of an extra engine, steams slowly up the grade to Cresson—a famous resort on the very

crest of the Alleghenies, and possessed of surroundings hardly to be surpassed for natural beauty.

After passing through the Allegheny tunnel, 3,612 feet long, and situated three miles east of Cresson, a precipitous bluff is rounded and the train begins the descent of the Horse Shoe Curve where the engine is seen across a deep ravine moving in an opposite direction from the rear car. The engineering work on this section exhibits the greatest skill and daring; the grades are heavy, nearly ninety feet to the mile, and steam is shut off for eleven miles until Altoona is reached.

Leaving Altoona, the train descends a desolate highland, extending almost until Harrisburg is reached. At Harrisburg 35 the line turns to the south, follows the right bank of the romantic Susquehanna, meets the eastern branch of the Potomac and emerges from a 1,500 foot tunnel within sight of the white dome of the Capitol, at Washington.

It is not difficult to credit the assertion that Washington is easily the handsomest of American cities. It is, for one thing, anything but a commercial or manufacturing center, and the absence of these two elements, which go far towards destroying the beauty of many New World towns, is extremely gratifying. Every visitor should see the Capitol, the embodiment of national majesty; the Washington Monument, reaching skyward to the height of 555 feet; the White House, the home of the President; the several departmental buildings, models of massive stateliness, and the Smithsonian Institute, “an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.”

New York is just five hours from Washington, and one touches en route Baltimore and Philadelphia. The latter city, while neither so populous as New York, nor so progressive as Chicago, is yet a particularly pleasant town; it possesses interesting mementoes of Revolutionary days, and has, aside from its many attractions, the charm of being within easy reach of Atlantic City and Cape May.

Has not the great overland journey by the Burlington Route proved to be one of such absorbing interest from first to last that, notwithstanding our elation at the prospect of reaching home, we could almost wish that it might be still further extended? Have we not had innumerable misconceptions swept away, and learned something of the greatness of America and the American people? Lord Coleridge, on 36 the occasion of his visit in 1883, reminded his hosts that it is not the mere extent of their country, the height of their mountains, the length of their rivers, nor yet the immensity of the capabilities of the soil they tread that makes a people great. But if these are not actually among the chief incentives to enterprise and industry, they alone have rendered possible those great achievements in engineering science and in agriculture which, almost equally with the scenic wonders of the country, excite the astonishment and admiration of transcontinental travelers.